

Charles Wilson Peale.  
James Sharpless.  
Gilbert Stuart.WASHINGTON AS HE WAS PAINTED BY VARIOUS ARTISTS.  
BORN FEBRUARY 22, 1732; DIED DECEMBER 14, 1799.

## DARK DAYS INDEED.

OUTNUMBERED BY FOES, CRITICISED  
BY FRIENDS AND YET RESOLUTE.From the Evacuation of Brooklyn to the  
Historic Night on the Delaware, Washington  
Shed Many Tears, but Never  
Despaired.After the first misfortune of his career  
in the Revolution—the loss of Brooklyn—Washington established his headquarters at Kingsbridge, but his force was  
so small that he found the enemy closing in upon him from every side. Con-

are out at elbows, and in a whole regiment there is scarce a pair of breeches. Judge, then, how they must be pinched by a winter's campaign. We who are warmly clothed and well equipped already feel it severely, for it is even now much colder than I ever felt it in England." This was in the latter part of October, and a battle had just taken place which lasted several hours without any decisive result except a loss of about 400 on each side.

Judging, therefore, from the difference in the conditions of the armies, it is clear that Washington was by far the better general, since under such fearful odds he could hold his own and inspire respect in a commander like General Howe. The next morning after this battle Howe withdrew, instead of advancing upon Washington. The latter then retired on the night of the 31st to the rocky hills near Northcastle and again entrenched himself, but the proud British general had to curb his pride and refrain from attacking this tattered army.

At midnight of the 4th of November, Howe commenced withdrawing his forces, as though in retreat, and soon they disappeared from White Plains, but it was with the intention of attacking Fort Washington, and on the 15th he sent a summons to surrender, accompanied with a barbaric threat.

Washington hastened to the beleaguered fortress, which he reached in the cold gloom of a November evening, but his utmost endeavors could not withstand the force of numbers, and Colonel Magaw was forced to capitulate. There were but 3,000 men, only 1,000 of whom could get into the fort, the rest being stationed at the outposts. Four simultaneous attacks were made and the assault was a series of complicated battles, some two miles and a half distant and some within cannon shot. The redoubts were captured and the retreating troops so crowded the fort that the men could scarcely move about.

The British could throw in a rain of shells and balls and capitulation could not be avoided. Washington stood upon an eminence near and saw the American flag fall and the British flag rise in its place. It was at this occasion that he wept over the merciless slaughter of the young soldiers. Before he had recommended, though not ordered, that the fort should be evacuated and the men and stores be removed to a place of safety, but some of his more sanguine generals were confident that they could hold the place.

Deep as was his grief, he did not reproach them. The captives, numbering 2,818, were marched off at night to the awful prison hulks of New York, where their fate was worse than that of those whose blood had dyed the ground around Fort Washington.

Washington now removed the most of his army across the Hudson into New Jersey that he might seek refuge for them among the highlands, and New York was abandoned to the enemy.

ENEMIES AND DETRACTORS.

It is the fate of the eminent to arouse the enmity and jealousy of smaller minds, and Washington was by no means exempt.

He had no money, his soldiers were in need of everything, ammunition was scarce and he was, on the other hand, obliged to represent his force as far larger than it was to let the belief exist that all his starving and freezing men were comfortably provided for in winter quarters, so as to mislead the enemy, and thus he was blamed for inactivity when to act would have been to expose his weakness and ruin his only hopes, which were to harass the enemy and perhaps manage to gain some decisive benefit by strategy, which he eventually did.

He kept a cold, impassible manner

Charles Wilson Peale.  
James Sharpless.  
Edward Savage.

through it all, but that the wound was deep was evinced by his letters to his brother Augustine and others during that sad period.

## DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS.

When danger was the greatest and difficulties the most formidable the power of Washington's gifts shone brightest, and out of what would have been overwhelming defeat to another he wrested success. Hampered and crippled as he was in "the Jersey," with every necessity a crying one, he managed by his skill, courage and strong de-

termination to carry out plans that in their results were little less than miraculous.

Lee had been taken prisoner in a ridiculous manner and Fort Lee had been abandoned to its fate as a corps of 6,000 of Cornwallis' best men had made their appearance on the Jersey shore, and the soldiers from Fort Lee, about 8,000 in number, were at Hackensack without tents or baggage and greatly disheartened. It was clear to Washington that the British were aiming at the capture of Philadelphia, and to prevent that disaster he gathered as many of his suffering troops as possible at Brunswick. And all this time there was a perpetual clamor of indignation against him on account of his continued retreat.

It would have been the act of a madman to follow any other course then. There were, on the other hand, friends and others who appreciated the grandeur of Washington and understood his struggle, but the same motives that kept him silent kept them silent too.

Washington, with his feeble, disheartened band, lingered in a state of fearful destitution at Brunswick until the 1st of December. The enemy in solid columns were marching proudly through the country with infantry, artillery and cavalry, impressing horses, wagons, sheep, cattle and everything which could add to the comfort of his warmly clad and well fed hosts.

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dismay Admiral Howe and his brother, the general, on the 30th of November, issued a proclamation offering pardon to all who would disband and return to their homes. Many of those who had property to lose complied with these terms. On the 2d of December the British reported that "Washington was seen retreating with two brigades to Trenton, where they talk of resisting. But such a panic has seized the rebels that no part of the Jerseys will hold them, and I doubt whether Philadelphia itself will stop their career. Congress has lost authority; they are in such contention that they know not what to do."

And all this time Lee was loitering at Morristown with about 4,000 men, until the 12th, when, fortunately for the good of his country, he was captured and carried to Brunswick.

Washington combated in his character to an astonishing degree courage and prudence. Is it doubtful whether there was another man on the continent who could have conducted his retreat through the Jerseys. With these few wretched, suffering, almost naked men he retreated more than a hundred miles before a powerful force flushed with victory and strengthened with abundance. He baffled all their efforts to cut him off, and preserved all his field pieces, ammunition and nearly all his stores. There was a grandeur in his achievements that far surpassed any ordinary victory. At this juncture congress invested him with almost dictatorial authority, and General Sullivan hastened to join him with Lee's destitute troops.

Washington then crossed the Delaware, destroyed the bridges and seized all the boats for a distance of seventy miles up and down the river. These he either destroyed or placed under guard on the west bank. Here he stationed his army with the broad river between him and his foes. He then had about five or six thousand men, and here he awaited events in silence and somber gloom, yet always on the alert to seize any occasion to strike a blow where it would do most good or defend his wretched army from their powerful enemy. Never had the prospects of the colonies seemed so dark, and it may be doubted if they were ever again so dark. The British generals, as all their letters show, considered the war practically at an end. There might be a few more desultory fights, but the rebel army would rapidly dissolve. How sudden are the transitions of human affairs, how vain the pride of the haughty! In a few days the tide was suddenly to turn and events occur to make the banks of the Delaware immortal in song and story and pictorial art.

Parson Weems and His Histories. I had not been long in Washington when Parson Weems was pointed out to me as the author of "The Life of Washington." Young Virginia called him "Pappy" Weems, but to me the reverend little old gentleman was an object of especial veneration. Before I was old enough to read I used to cry over the incidents of the childhood of Washington as given in Weems' little volume, and read to me by my older brothers. George did not cut down the "fine old English cherry tree," but only "barked" it with the new little hatchet of which his father had made him a present.

His confession—"Father, I cannot tell a lie; you know I cannot tell a lie; I did cut it with my hatchet"—sounds a trifling less heroic, yet far more true to nature, when it is known that at the south children and servants are still in the habit of saying of things they are forbidden to do, "I cannot do it," meaning that they are not permitted to do it. George never told a lie that we know of, but he could swear—under great provocation.

On the morning of the battle of Monmouth General Lee was under orders to attack the enemy at a certain hour, but he allowed the time to pass without obeying the order. An old soldier who was present told me that General Washington rode up and exclaimed, "By—General Lee, what does this mean?" I suppose that oath shared the fate of Uncle Toby's. The artist Mills, in his equestrian statue of Washington, seized the moment when he in his heroic rage dashed forward in advance of his staff to charge upon the enemy, leaving Lee to sulk at his leisure. After the battle of Monmouth Lee retired to merited obscurity.

The Monmouth incident proves that Washington, with all his Fabian caution, was, upon occasion, bold and daring, even to the verge of rashness. The incident of the wild, unbroken colt, that fell dead under him, is another illustration of his daring spirit, as well as his great physical strength, recalling to mind the taming of Bucephalus by Alexander the Great and the war horse which none but Caesar could mount. S. G. Dodge.

Washington's Inauguration.

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